

Paperwork by ObeyDontStray

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Genre: Dirty Talk, F/M, Home Alone, Phone Sex, Plot What Plot/
Porn Without Plot

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Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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Summary:

Another Jopper pwp. Jim's working late and Joyce is home alone.

Paperwork

"It's not fair. I'm home alone for the night and you're stuck at work." Joyce whined into the phone.

"I know sweetheart. I wish I was there. I'll be home soon." Jim replied, picking up the pen from his desk and filling in blank lines on his report. He'd been on the scene of a car accident earlier, there were forms and reports to fill out.

"I'm wearing your hoodie." She said coyly, referring to his black department hoodie. "I'm not surprised." He replied, flipping to the next sheet of the report.

"Just your hoodie and my black panties that you like so much." He paused his writing for the moment, thinking of the article of clothing and just how well they fit her curves. "You're distracting me, baby. The longer it takes me to do these papers, the longer it'll be before I get home." He replied, trying his best to write up the circumstances of the wreck in his paperwork.

"Your hoodie is so soft and it smells like you. It's like you holding me."

"And what exactly do I smell like?" He asked, amused and waiting for her answer.

"Like Old Spice, tobacco, and man." She replied. "And usually like sex, once I've had my way with you." He grinned, scratching an answer onto the paper. "I need you to come home, Chief." She breathed.

"I'll be home soon as I can baby. If I don't turn in these reports Flo will have my head."

"Not like I will if you come home." He inhaled sharply, crossing his legs under his desk. "It's been a little while since I've been on my knees for you, hasn't it baby?" She asked and his jaw flexed beneath his beard as he tried to ignore the image of her big brown eyes staring up at him.

"You're making this hard for me, Joyce." He fussed, trying to focus on the task at hand.

"That's kind of the point of this, honey." She laughed.

"Like I said, the longer you distract me, the longer I'll be stuck here." He said.

"I just figured I'd get a head start is all." She replied. "I'm already in bed. What are you going to do to me when you get home?" She asked innocently.

"That's for you to find out when I get there."

"Give me something to go on here, dear." She said. "I'm imaging your hands on my thighs, pulling my underwear off with your teeth." He groaned and sat back in his chair, neglecting the paperwork momentarily. "I need to feel your beard between my thighs."

He licked his lips. "I'd use my hands too. I know you love it when I do that thing-" he said, listening to her sigh over the phone.

"Your strong fingers inside of me and your thumb making circles. You make me melt." She confessed, her breathing growing more ragged. "I love it when you're behind me and you grab my shoulder, pulling us closer." She added. "You know just how hard to pull my hair without hurting me."

"When I'm between your thighs and you run your hands through my hair, it drives me crazy." He growled, his hand sliding to his lap. "This is so wrong. Getting me hot and bothered when I should be working."

"It's not right, you being there on a night when I'm home alone and can call your name as loudly as I want." She replied. "Are you alone at the station? I could be spread across your desk right now." He swallowed hard as he eyed his door. "Flo's here. She's waiting on this report."

"How hot would that be? Flo innocently knitting at her desk while I'm bent over yours?"

"Flo misses nothing, she'd know." He replied, glad that his office door

was closed and he was out of her earshot.

"I wouldn't care if she heard us. I bet if she were thirty years younger she'd want to be bent over your desk."

"Joyce! Don't talk about her like that!" He scolded. "She babysat me for god's sakes."

"I bet it's true." She replied. "Anyone would want to ride you in that big leather chair of yours."

He stroked himself through his pants, wishing that she weren't torturing him so. "I can't wait to peel your uniform off of you." She said lowly. "I love to watch you walk away when you're in it. Your ass is amazing in those cop pants, baby."

He grinned at her compliment, now clenching the cap of his pen between his teeth. "Yours is pretty amazing too." He replied. "I love to hold it when you ride me." Her breathing became rapid and ragged over the phone and his body tensed up as he listened to her. He could imagine her flushed and sweaty in her bed, fingers in the waistband of her panties.

He groaned and tossed his pen onto his desk. "I'll be there in ten. Don't go anywhere." He ordered before hanging up the phone quickly.

He held his hat over his groin as he walked quickly through the office. "I'll have that report to you in the morning Flo. Gotta go home, got an emergency!" He called over his shoulder to her as she shuffled for the door. "Goodnight! See you in the morning!"

Author's Note:

At this point I think I'm going to become an erotica writer. Right?